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In the Heart of the Wilderness

The place, which of late had been little more than a clearing in the forest, where groups of rude dwellings had arisen, inhabited at first entirely by half-breeds, but whither had gradually come white men in connection with a railway, and emigrants who had drifted thither from various centers of the Old World, was now a populous, if straggling, settlement. It bid fair to become, with the rapid growth of the West, a prosperous town. But around it was a wilderness, over which colossal mountain peaks projected their shadows, and deep, silent gorges heard only the trickling of mountain streams.

At first in those regions there had been no Mass at all, no religious service of any kind. Then a missionary priest had begun to come thither once or twice a year, and finally once a month, until that time when the Bishop had been invited to give confirmation to a handful of children. That ceremony, like all the others, took place in a barn, with a temporary altar rudely constructed, with only the barest necessities in the way of altar furnishings, and with poverty of the direct description dominating things.

And yet as the Bishop strolled about with the missionary after the fatigues of the day, enjoying the calmness of the starshine, he said: "Father, this is getting to be quite a place. The time has come when it should have a resident priest. I have made up my mind to appoint you to the office."

"Appoint a poor old man like me!" exclaimed the priest.

The Bishop stopped and looked at him. They were, in fact, both men of the same stripe, who had grown from their apostolic youth to age in toils and privations, struggling against difficulties with a heroism of which the world has no conception.

"You have many good working years before you yet," he said, "and you cannot work harder than you are doing now."

His eyes filled with tears as he regarded the worn, care-lined face and the stooped and toll-worn frame, and thought of the weary miles on foot or horseback over almost impassable roads, braving cold and hunger and insult and injury, and dangers of various kinds.

"No," continued the prelate, "you will never have to work harder, for that would be impossible."

The old priest looked up at his superior.

"I was not thinking of the work, my Lord," he said simply, "but of how much more a brave, young priest could do here where there is so much to be done."

"It needs, I think, a man of experience," the Bishop declared, "especially to make the start." He did not add saintliness, but that was what he was thinking. "You will have to begin the building of a church."

"The building of a church!" the priest cried involuntarily. "Here where it is very hard to get even a dollar or two at a time to supply our most pressing needs. But, then, whom am I to object? Your Lordship has the inspirations of your office."

"I need not tell you, you who have given up your life to the cause," the Bishop added, as his fine face glowed with enthusiasm "to think of the souls that may be saved here on this very spot, and of those that are being lost here under our eyes. Once the church is built you will see a transformation. Coldness and indifference will begin to melt like mists before the sun. Those who have strayed from the faith will, please God, come back, or at least we may get the children, while those to whom religion is but a name will see continually before them a glowing center, a hearthstone upon which the sacred flame burns brightly."

The splendid optimism of this veteran hunter of souls was contagious. It was as a spark kind-

ling the flame of the missionary's ardent charity.

"Oh, I shall begin at once," he said, "though I have not a dollar."

"I should like you to secure, in the first place," the Bishop suggested, "a picture of the Sacred Heart."

A smile illuminated the old priest's face.

"I know, yes," he said. "There is the promise, 'I will help them in all their undertakings.'"

"Precisely," replied the Bishop. "And you are going to build here in the heart of the wilderness the Church of the Sacred Heart."

The good old priest obeyed those instructions literally. The Bishop before departing had definitely installed him as first pastor of a church as yet unbuilt and had announced his project for construction to a congregation many of whom listened in consternation and inwardly groaned at the burden that was thus being placed upon them. But there were generous souls there, a few of those that shall shine brightly in the kingdom of the Father hereafter, who took fire instantly at the episcopal suggestion.

It was a group of these—and there were Irish and French and Belgian amongst them—who crowded about their new pastor with offers of what service they could give. All of them were poor; some of them were almost ragged. But it was touching to see, and it moved the priest to tears, how they produced from their little store some offering, however small, for the projected work. Moreover, they offered their labors as soon as there was anything to be done.

"I will tell you, my friends," said the priest, "that I have not one dollar of money which I can give. But I have something else."

His face glowed with triumph and he laughed like a child through his tears. For long months before a wealthy prospector had given him, half in jest, a piece of forest land that was sufficient for all purposes.

"When this forest becomes a town," suggested the donor, "why, I guess, Father, you can build a church here."

It had seemed a huge jest at the time, but now it only required willing hands and stout hearts to make the start. And so the foundations were begun, while over the temporary altar in the barn was placed a picture of the Sacred Heart, before which the priest spent in prayer many hours, especially the hours of night. He came there to tell all his troubles and his plans, the difficulties and the miseries with which he was meeting, the while to call down blessings on those who were assisting him.

"It is the pennies of the poor, dear Lord," he murmured, "that will build this church; it is those pennies which have built many things for Thy service. Unless," he added, "Thou wilt inspire some good rich man. Oh, there are many such to whom the camel's eye will be big enough to take them up high into heaven."

Sometimes he came there fagged out with the hard, manual work, too strenuous for his age, that he had been doing, or the still greater strain of anxiety, of debt, which hung as a dark cloud round him, while he had literally to starve himself and to subsist on the barest necessities as he exercised his arduous ministry amid a flock scattered over many miles of territory. He often came to tell the Sacred Heart, too, of the rebuffs and insults he had met with, and which he declared were his due, and to deplore the efforts that were being made by the enemies of the faith to ensnare, by means of money and abundant material resources, the souls of simple people, especially immigrants and strangers in the country.

Or he wept as he recited like a litany the names of those children of saints and martyrs, as he said, judging by their patronymics, who had given up altogether the practice of religion or joined in heretical worship, though their ancestors in some of the

older countries had borne the heat and burden of persecution and died rather than abandon their faith.

"When Thy church is built, dear Sacred Heart," he said, "Thou wilt complete Thy promise of blessing our undertakings, and perhaps I may get these strayed sheep back, or if not, I, who am a miserable old man, then some priest who will come after me, brave and young, with the fire of the apostles in his veins."

And as he knelt there before the picture he caught, like glory streaming from above, a vision of the future, of all the Masses that should be offered, a part in that stream of sacrifice that, from "the rising to the setting of the sun," goes up to the throne of mercy to save this earth, overburned with iniquity, from destruction. He saw the prayers and the benedictions and all the other services ascending as an odor of incense, and the streams of people, not only those settled about, but newcomers, their children and their children's children, who through the instrumentality of God's ministers and the sacraments administered should be marked with the sign of the Lamb and swell the multitudes in the Heavenly Jerusalem. And there upon that spot, then perhaps the heart of a great city, it would be told even to the most distant times how that temple had been erected through the power of the Sacred Heart and the sacrifices of the little ones of Christ.

"It is always in poverty that Thy works are accomplished," the priest said. "If we look at Bethlehem or at the Cenacle we shall see that."

It seemed, in fact, little short of miraculous how that church was built. There was not then, as now, an Extension Society, by which even people at the greatest distance, or by the smallest sums, could come to the assistance of those priestly heroes who are struggling against absolute want, against privation and difficulty of every sort in the missions of the northwest. Nor in those pre-emption days did any think very often of giving as a memorial of their beloved dead the few hundred dollars needed to build a church. There was nothing of that kind then; yet cent by cent and dollar by dollar the edifice was erected, and its cross-surmounted steeple rose up in the heart of the wilderness where all before had been barren and empty and devoid of spiritual influence.

No prophesy of man can tell what this church was destined to accomplish of lasting and accumulative good, but upon the very day of its dedication the priest was stricken. The Bishop, who had come to bless the place of worship, over the altar of which appeared a beautiful donated picture of the Sacred Heart, was also in time to officiate at the pastor's deathbed.

"It is better," the old man's weak voice said, "for now you will send here, as the Sacred Heart shall inspire, a brave young priest, who will do what I could not."

At the funeral were heard the sobs and tears not only of the faithful, but of many of the strayed sheep who had been brought back out of the wilderness, and all of whom were loud in proclaiming the saintliness of the dead pastor. And the Bishop spoke a few words in a voice choked by emotion. "Through the blessing of the Sacred Heart," he said, "and the prayers and labors of a holy servant of God this church has been built. But into its walls and into its foundations your first pastor has put his life."—Anna T. Sadlier in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A French national pilgrimage of men to Paray-le-Monial took place on the 14th and 15th of June. Paray-le-Monial is the shrine of Blessed-Margaret Mary the Apostle of the Sacred Heart.

Because of labor troubles at Halifax, N. S., work on the new wing of the House of the Angel Guardian has been delayed, and in consequence, the dedication will be postponed.

ROUND THE WORLD

Imitation jewelry is an important article of trade in Spain.

New York uses \$70,000 worth of postage stamps every day.

A home for stray dogs has been opened in Fulham, London.

There are 4,398,000 miles and 20,567,000 horses in the United States.

Chicago is to put up 10,000 new street signs at crossings in September.

Many Hindus of the higher caste now wear European shirts, coats and trousers.

As far as earthquake activity is concerned, Italy and Japan are about on a par.

Seventy-one per cent of money invested in the gas industry of Russia is German capital.

It is said that the steel skyscrapers of New York affect the compasses of ships making port there.

Brutus, a Fraserburgh (Scotland) dog, has attended, uninvited, 700 funerals in the last fourteen years.

Last year the United States department of agriculture issued more than \$4,600,000 copies of bulletins, reports, circulars, etc.

A motion picture theater on wheels has been equipped by a number of railroads to teach fuel economy to engineers and firemen.

Philadelphia's filtration plant has cost \$30,000. Pure water has reduced the death rate at least by three in every 1,000 inhabitants.

A million dollar hotel for working girls and women employed in downtown stores is the aim of a movement started by the Chicago chapter, D. A. R.

There was a remarkable increase in transatlantic travel generally during 1912 over previous years, and 1913 promises to eclipse all records in this line.

Italy is gradually feeling the awakening that is so marked in northern Italy, although Italian agriculture is still carried on in great part in a primitive manner.

The value of the gold produced in the Klondike region of the Yukon territory during the last year was \$5,226,226. This was the largest amount of any year since 1907.

With twenty-five dirigible balloons in commission the German government has established twenty-seven harbors into which they can be run for shelter if caught by storms.

At one time Germany encouraged the use of peat moors and swamps for fuel peat. Now the scarcity of peat is such that peat cutting will be stopped and these moors and swamps fitted up for pastures.

China's new government will establish an arsenal of the largest and most improved type to keep at home the great amount of money expended abroad each year for the purchase of munitions of war.

The latest type of destructive war vessel is the Russian submarine cruiser, which is more than six times the tonnage of the next largest submarine. It is virtually an underwater torpedo Dreadnought.

American shoes set the styles in the Lyons district, France, and encounter no prejudice. The people seem to think that the American stamp indicates general excellence. American typewriters are also in the lead.

In Ipoh, Malay peninsula, one of the pioneer motorcars in the country is now in almost constant use as a funeral hearse. Hauled by coolies the proud old pioneer wends its frequent, slow, laborious way to the cemetery.

Of all the ways to keep persons from taking poison by mistake, none is better than that recently adopted in a St. Louis hospital. A small bell is attached to the neck of every bottle that contains anything poisonous. Whenever the bottle is lifted the bell gives warning.

Thanks to American sanitation, not a single case of cholera was reported in the Philippine islands last year, and there has not been a case of smallpox in Manila for four years. Before the American occupation there were thousands of deaths every year from both diseases.

A duplicate of Columbus' caravel will pass through the Panama canal in the dedication parade of vessels. This will be made from the design of the caravel that was exhibited at the Chicago World's fair and will be contributed for the occasion by the Harvard club of San Francisco.

The number of agricultural holdings in England in 1912 was 374,809 and in Wales 61,077. The total, 435,886, for England and Wales was 670 more than in 1911, the increase being in holdings of from 5 to 300 acres. The number of persons occupying land has increased in the course of seven years by 8,318.

The United States bureau of mines has discovered that more than two-thirds of the radium supply of the world is made in Europe from ores shipped abroad from the United States. Although this country is known to have the greatest deposits of radium bearing ores in the world, not a gram of the metal itself has yet been produced here.

Catholic News Notes

A new St. Regis Home is to be erected for working girls of Pittsburgh to cost \$200,000.

Dallas, Texas, has a Sisters' Institute of boarding and day school for colored girls, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Ghost.

Under the presidency of Archbishop Messmer, there was a meeting the other day of the Catholic Colonization Society at Milwaukee. Several chaplains of districts were appointed. Projects for colonizing Moses Lake, Wash., and Deer Lodge, Mont., were considered.

Workmen are laying the foundation of the new parochial school of the Sacred Heart church Jersey City, to cost upwards of \$80,000.

The new Newman Hall building in San Jose, Cal., the home of the Newman Club at the State Normal school, will cost \$25,000.

Mgr. Bonzano, Apostolic delegate, visited the Arch-Abbey of St. Vincent and its college at Beatty, Pa., the other day, and was tendered a great solemn-festive reception.

A rumor is current in New England that His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell will soon have a Bishop-Coadjutor. The rumor associates the Bishop of Hartford Mgr. Nilan, with the coadjutorship.

Mr. Specht of Columbus, Ohio died on the 29th ult., aged 78 years. He studied at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary and was ordained in the Cathedral of Cincinnati March 12, 1864.

The diocesan Process for the Beatification and Canonization of the Foundress of the Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, is completed. With hers, the Middle United States counts two Processes to be considered in Rome: Mother Theodore Guerin, of Indiana, and Mother Duchesne, of Missouri.

While Father Francis, prior of the Norbertines at Southwark, England, was reciting public prayers, the church was struck by lightning. He was enveloped, as it were, by fire, but uninjured.

Assisi, the sacred city of St. Francis, in Italy, is a diocese since the year 236. St. Rufinus was its first Bishop. Today the diocese numbers about 29,000 Catholics. It has eight monasteries and eighteen convents.

The solemn dedication of St. Michael's church, Castledawell, Fermagh (Ireland), took place recently. His Eminence Cardinal Logue performed the ceremony.

The distinguished Irish Royal Academician, John Lavery, painted the portraits of the King and Queen of England, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. The King and Queen drove to the Royal Academy to view them.

In the Church of St. Bibiana, in Rome, may still be seen the column to which the martyr was bound and scourged until life was extinct, by Flavian, Prefect of Rome.

Pretty Lazy.

"Noddes is positively the laziest man I know. He has an invention fixed so that by merely pulling a wire in bed he can light the fire, but that doesn't seem to improve matters."

"Why not?"

"He's too lazy to pull the wire."

No Difference.

"Papa, what does being disappointed in love mean?"

"Why, either marrying or being jilted by the girl you are in love with."

Houston Post.

Fact.

"The one thing that we had better get of next-tomorrow we seldom do."

"What is that?"

"Worry."—Boston Record.

News From Ireland

Dr. Garry, Kildare, has been elected tuberculosis medical officer for County Clare.

Patrick Crowley has been elected to the position of petty sessions clerk of Kildare in room of his late father.

The death of Sister Mary, who died which took place on May 23rd at the Convent of Mercy, Kilmac, caused sincere regret, not only amongst the community members whom she so warmly loved for the 25 years of her religious profession, but also in the town. The deceased religious was the 67th year of her age.

Damage to the extent of \$2,000 was done by fire in the town of John Eakin, Ballyvaughan, Maberfeld. In addition to the mill a large hay shed, containing several tons of hay, and a quantity of agricultural implements was destroyed.

William Field, M. P., was elected on May 22 with an unopposed address from his constituents of St. Patrick's Division, Dublin in appreciation of his long service to the National cause.

Rev. J. O'Connor, Caberemore, died on May 18.

Mrs. Dillon, Duane, has been appointed maternity nurse of the Duane district at a salary of £50 per year.

Edward Kenny, Ballinacorney, Castledermot, died on May 18, the result of injuries received in a cycling accident.

The Thomastown Grand have unanimously re-elected Rick Kavanagh as member of the workhouse permanently, a term for which he had originally been appointed having expired.

A cattle drive took place on Ganehill on May 20; the drive being those of a farmer named Mr. Abraham, who was grazing at a place called Ballinacorney, on Lord Dunsany's estate. The cattle were recovered and driven back to the farm again.

Patrick J. Padden, of Lodge, died on May 10, at the age of 80 years.

In the presence of a large gathering of Nationalists from all parts of the county a handsome memorial in memory of the late William Landon, M. P., was unveiled in Kiltelly on May 18.

Mrs. McGuire, widow of the late Dr. McGuire of Longford, died in Bloemfontein, South Africa, on April 25.

Mr. Shaw has retired from the position of manager of the National bank in Ballymahon after forty years service.

Mayo

Dr. P. E. Murphy, Kiltineaney, has been elected tuberculosis medical officer for County Mayo.

The body of John Cryan, a school teacher, was found on the roadside near Belmullet on May 23. He was then quite dead. It is believed that he had been cycling to his school at Glencullen when he met with an accident, and received fatal injuries. He was very popular and his untimely death is much regretted.

Philip Byrne, Thurles, has been elected rate collector by North Tipperary County Council.

Considerable damage was done by fire to the Catholic church in Roscrea on the night of May 20.

An interesting marriage took place at St. Andrew's church, Westland Row, Dublin, recently when Miss Kathleen Finn, proprietress of "Finn's Hotel," on Leinster street, Dublin, became Mrs. Harry Bergen. The bride is the daughter of the late Wm. Finn, of the town of Nenagh, and the bridegroom is son of the late Patrick Bergen of Co. Wick.